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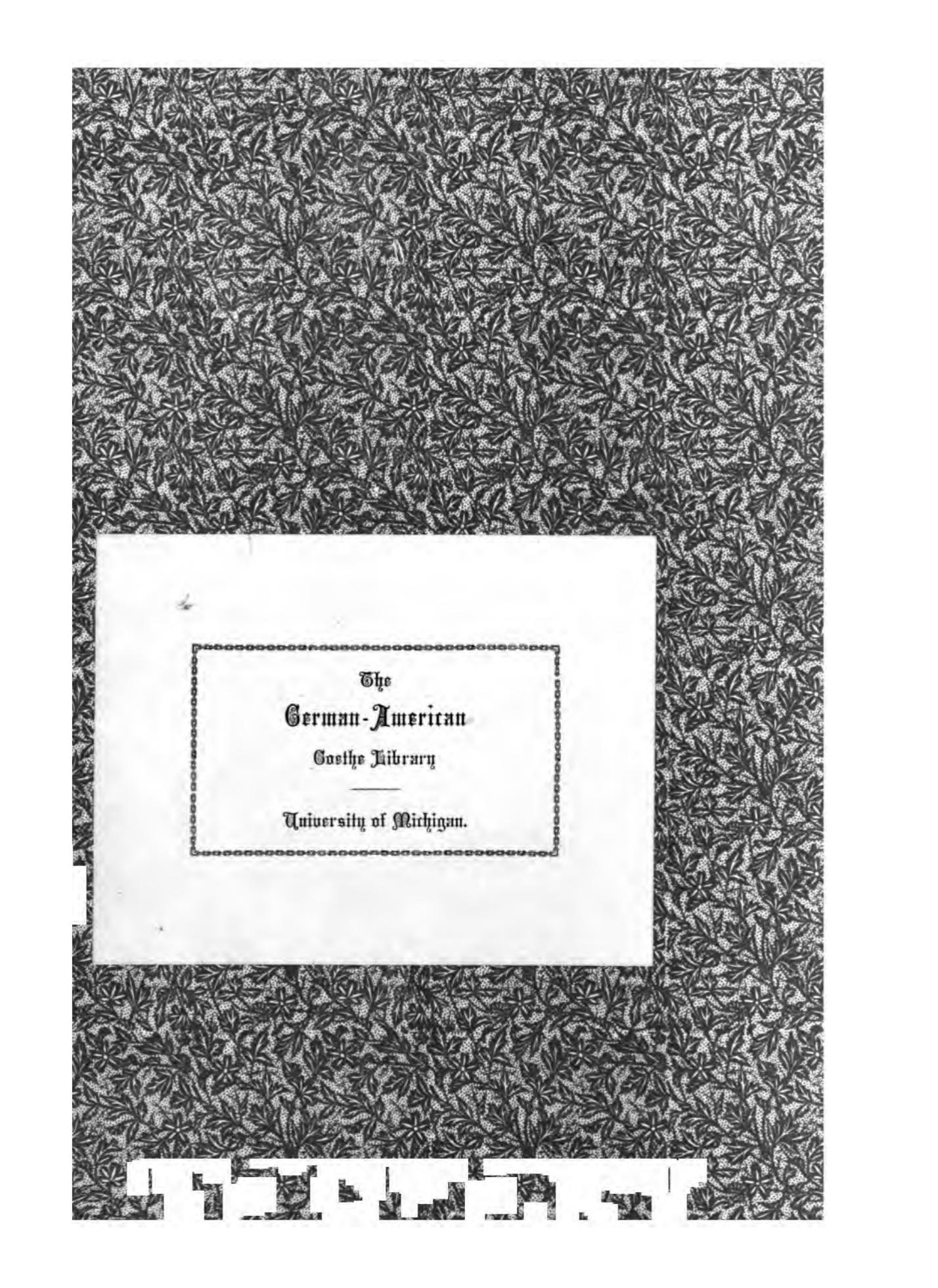
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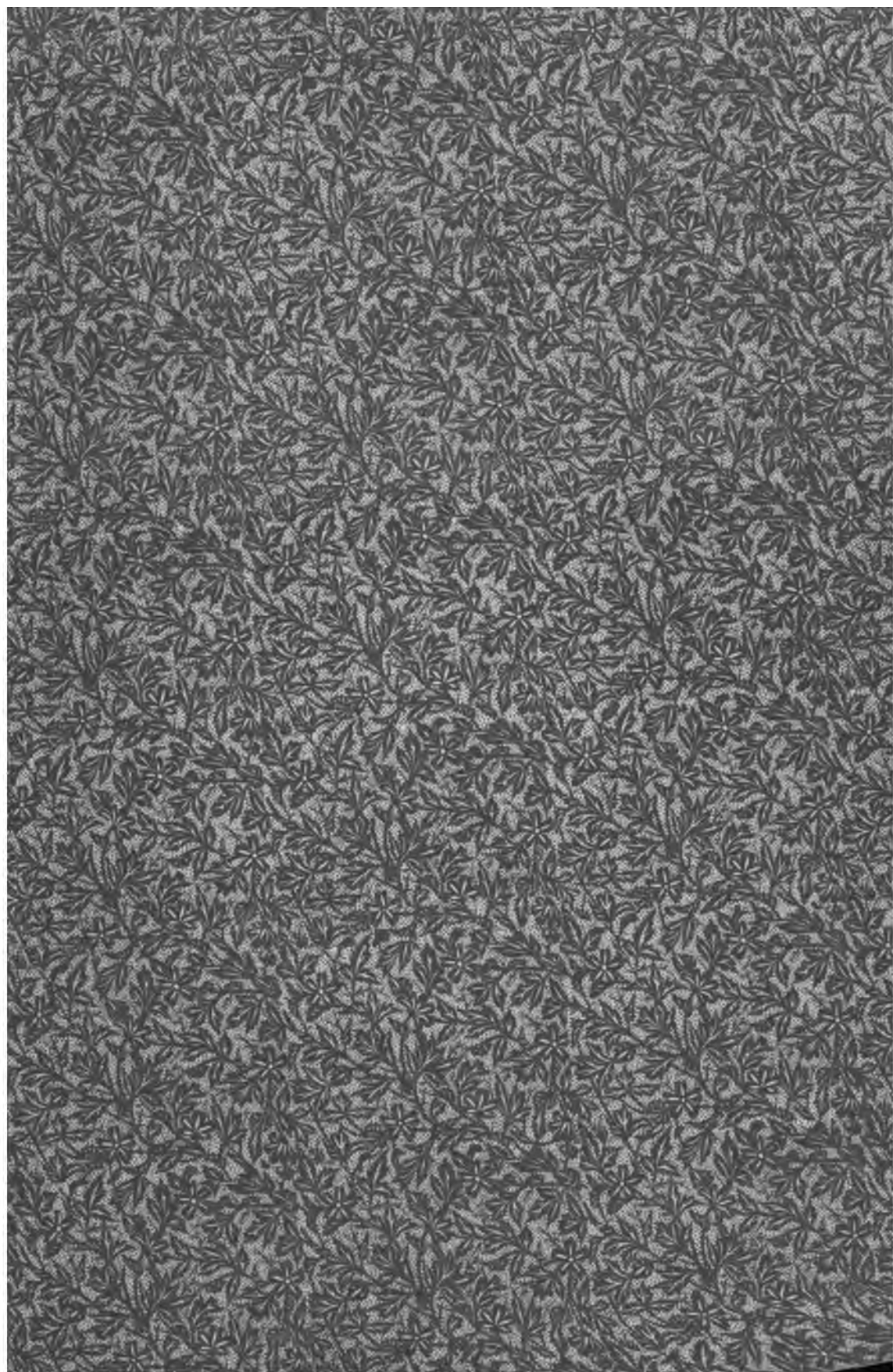


Illustrations
to
Goethe's Faust.
BY
PAUL KONEWKA.



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Goethe's Faust



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ILLUSTRATIONS
TO
GOETHE'S FAUST.

BY PAUL KONEWKA,

Author of Illustrations to Shakespeare's "Midsummer-Night's Dream,"
"Falstaff and his Companions," &c.

THE ENGLISH TEXT FROM BAYARD TAYLOR'S TRANSLATION

BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.

1883.

UNIVERSITY PRESS:
JOHN WILSON & SON, CAMBRIDGE.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

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I.

FAUST.



HIS life of earth, whatever my attire,
Would pain me in its wonted fashion.
Too old am I to play with passion,
Too young to be without desire.

What from the world have I to gain?
Thou shalt abstain — renounce — refrain!
Such is the everlasting song
That in the ears of all men rings, —
That unrelieved, our whole life long,
Each hour, in passing, hoarsely sings!





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III.

FAUST.



F on an idler's bed I stretch myself in quiet,
There let at once my record end!
Canst thou with lying flattery rule me,
Until, self-pleased, myself I see,—
Canst thou with rich enjoyment fool me,
Let that day be the last for me!
The bet I offer.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Done!

FAUST.

And heartily!

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IV.

MEPHISTOPHELES.



HE first was so, the second so,
Therefore the third and fourth are so;
Were not the first and second, then
The third and fourth had never been.

STUDENT.

I feel as stupid, from all you've said,
As if a mill-wheel whirled in my head!

V.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*sings*).



HERE was a king once reigning,
Who had a big black flea,
And loved him past explaining,
As his own son were he.

He called his man of stitches ;
The tailor came straightway :
Here, measure the lad for breeches,
And measure his coat, I say !

VI.

FAUST.



AIR lady, let it not offend you,
That arm and escort I would lend you!

MARGARET.

I'm neither lady, neither fair,
And home I can go without your care.

[She releases herself, and exit.]

FAUST.

By Heaven, the girl is wondrous fair!
Of all I've seen, beyond compare;
So sweetly virtuous and pure,
And yet a little pert, be sure!

VII.

MARTHA (*adorning her*).



H, what a blessed luck for thee!

MARGARET.

But, ah! in the streets I dare not bear
them,

Nor in the church be seen to wear them.

MARTHA.

Yet thou canst often this way wander,
And secretly the jewels don,
Walk up and down an hour before the mirror yonder,—
We'll have our private joy thereon.



VIII.

MARTHA.



YES, the poor women are bad off, 'tis true :

A stubborn bachelor there's no converting.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

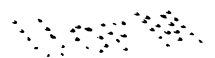
It but depends upon the like of you,

And I should turn to better ways than flirting.

MARTHA.

Speak plainly, Sir, have you no one detected?

Has not your heart been anywhere subjected?





X.

MARGARET.



OW scornfully I once reviled,
When some poor maiden was beguiled !
More speech than any tongue suffices
I craved, to censure others' vices.
Black as it seemed, I made it blacker still,
Yet 'twas not black enough to suit my will ;
And blessed myself, and boasted high ;
And now—a living sin am I !
Yet—all that drove my heart thereto,
God ! was so good, so dear, so true !

XI.

VALENTINE.



HEN I have sat at some carouse,
Where each to each his brag allows,
And many a comrade praised to me
His pink of girls right lustily,
With brimming glass that spilled the toast,
And elbows planted as in boast :
I sat in unconcerned repose,
And heard the swagger as it rose.
And, stroking then my beard, I'd say,
Smiling, the bumper in my hand :
"Each well enough in her own way,
But is there one in all the land
Like sister Margaret, good as gold, —
One that to her can a candle hold?"



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